



DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

H. J. HOWARD, PRINTER.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I. No. 3.

St. Clairsville, Ohio, March 16, 1833.

WHOLE NUMBER 11.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE LAKE OF CANANDAIGUA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

TWENTY years ago, the pretty village of Canandaigua, in the western part of the state of New York, with its white-washed cottages "bosomed soft" in accacias and roses, did not exist. But the shores of its beautiful lake had even then one sequestered mansion which might have vied in its sweet loneliness with the fairest dwelling that wood and water ever conspired to adorn. The spot is still one of the most admired in that land of bright air and sunny landscape; but then, it was lovelier still. No staring hotel rose to mar the soft harmony of the scene. The white cottage of Mrs. Hastings, with its festooned portico of flowering creepers, was the only object reflected from the bosom of the lake, that showed a trace of human workmanship. The first feeling, on looking at such a dwelling, must have been unmixed admiration—the second, perhaps, wonder that any one possessed of the taste and familiarity with the luxuries of social life, which the air of the place indicated, could live so far remote from beings of the same order. But the situation of Mrs. Hastings was such as to make her choice of this residence perfectly natural. Three years before the date of the circumstances about to be related, she had banished herself from her native England, by contracting a marriage so imprudent as to offend every friend she had in the world. The extremely romantic turn of her mind caused her to find attraction in the very circumstances which, to her more reasonable friends, made her choice peculiarly objectionable. Mr. Hastings was the natural son of parents who had never acknowledged him: all he possessed was a person pre-eminently handsome, an affectionate heart, and most sweet temper. Some one, he knew not who, had kept him at school till he was seventeen, and then given him a pair of colours. Miss Weyland unfortunately met the young man at a ball, while his uniform was in its first blush and glory. Emboldened by the consciousness of being the most distinguished figure in the room, the young officer ventured

to request an introduction, which, under other circumstances, he would never have dreamed of. The consequence was a hasty marriage, and emigration to America. With better fortune than such imprudence deserved, the two years that their union lasted were like "one long summer's day of idleness and love." Her fortune, which the mature age of twenty-one had placed at her disposal exactly one week before her marriage, sufficed to purchase three hundred acres on the lovely borders of the Canandaigua Lake; it cleared them, as acres there are seldom cleared; it built them a fairy palace, bought half a score of slaves, and put them in possession of enough stock to produce an income of a thousand dollars, which, with the produce of their little farm, made them quite as rich as they wished to be. Their neighbors were few, and widely scattered. At five miles distance, lived a magistrate, (in the language of the country a squire,) who ground all the corn, and performed most of the marriages of the district. Three miles farther, dwelt an attorney who, whether he could "help it" or not, was assuredly "a special" one. He was appointed by the government to superintend the sale of land, and to collect the tax upon it; he was, moreover, intrusted with the important commission of negotiating for the purchase of an extensive Indian reserve in the neighborhood, with the chiefs of the nation to whom it belonged. A few backwoodsmen, the hardy and enterprising pioneers of the vast rush of population which has since spread over the district, were scattered here and there; and amongst them "the Store," whence flowed the heterogeneous multitude of commodities which a hundred shops are thought hardly sufficient to furnish in a city. This important emporium raising an imposing front of yellow planks; and close beside it, in all the splendor of red ochre, stood the no less necessary "public" offering to the hard worked sons of the forest, their darling luxuries of whisky and tobacco. Their nearest neighbors, however, were the inhabitants of the Indian village, which was the metropolis of the tribe above mentioned. They never experienced the slightest inconvenience from the vicinity, but on the contrary, carried on a very convenient traffic for venison, wild

turkeys, and all the nameless varieties of forest dainties, which the Indians have at their command, with a certainty which might raise a sigh of envy in the most accomplished poachers of the old country. In a word, their existence might best be described by the expressive French phrase, "ils menait une vie bien douce." But, alas! at the end of two years, Mr. Hastings died of the autumn fever, so often bred on the enticing shores of a lake; and his widow was left with nothing to console her, but the persuasion that she had given him two years of happiness in exchange for what seemed likely to have been a long life of anxiety and privation. The first six months after she lost him, were spent in heartfelt and unmitigated sorrow; and if those which followed were less melancholy, it was only chance that made them so, by awakening that spirit of romance which had placed her in the wilds of America. The winter had passed dismally away; both cold and sorrow had chilled the heart of the solitary widow, and she felt persuaded that nothing could ever again restore the life and lightness of her spirit. But who or what can resist the first burst of the American spring? It comes not, as elsewhere, timidly, fearing the last parting blast of winter; but, bold and vigorous, starts into life and power, and only yields before the scorching splendor of the summer sun. The first time Mrs. Hastings had quitted her solitary hearth, since she returned from seeing her young husband laid beneath his favorite chestnut tree, was on a sunny morning, towards the end of April. Had she thought about going out, she would not have had courage to do it; but as she stood at the door of the pretty parlour that opened upon the lawn, she stepped out, rather from the animal instinct which led her to meet the soft breeze that rose from the lake, than from any premeditated hope of finding enjoyment. Yet still she wandered on, and with a sort of dreamy pleasure, felt the warm air upon her cheek, watched the gentle ripple of the lake, as it almost reached her footpath, and listened, though unconsciously, to the chirping concert which every bough sent forth.

At last she reached a spot, too well remembered to be seen without a pang. It was a lovely nook, at the most distant point of their

"clearing," where they had suffered a few acres to retain their original wildness, excepting that, at one point, close upon the border of the lake, poor Hastings had reared a bower for his young wife, which he had delighted to make the prettiest toy in the western wilderness. It was here that, while he amused himself with his fishing-rod, she used to read to him, sing to him, talk to him. Often had the forest rung to the gay laugh of the married lovers; and often in that deep solitude had they repeated to each other the fond vow that they would not change their leafy paradise for the noblest palace in their native land.—Never had she been more thoughtless and fearless of sorrow than the last evening they had passed together there—but within three hours after they quitted it, the young man was laid upon the bed from which he never rose again. Poor Mrs. Hastings sat before the door, upon the very spot where last she had seen him sit, and her tears flowed abundantly. While thus sadly occupied, and utterly unmindful of every thing but her sorrow, the sudden sensation of most violent anguish caused her to utter a sharp, loud scream, and almost in the same instant she perceived that a snake had settled on the hand which hung by her side, and that a young Indian girl, springing from among the forest trees, had seized the reptile just below its head, and with gentle dexterity caused it to quit its hold. She saw this, but she saw no more: pain and horror overpowered her, and she fainted. On recovering her senses, she found herself on her own bed, with several of her slaves about her, but the figure which immediately fixed all her attention, was that of the young Indian girl who had preserved her. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture. Her slight and delicate hands were crossed upon her bosom, her long, glossy, black hair was fastened back behind her head, so as to show the beautiful contour of her face and bust; her features were small, and exquisitely regular; and her eyes, the loveliest in the world, were beaming with the very soul of gentle kindness. The wounded hand had been enveloped with some application that had already eased the pain; and it was evident by the manner in which the negroes stood apart, while the young Indian alone hung over her, that she it was who had the charge of her at this critical moment. Had Mrs. Hastings not lived for two years on the borders of an Indian reserve, and thereby become familiar with the dress and figure of her neighbors, she might have been tempted to believe, during the first confused moments of returning reason, that the dark, but lovely girl was some spirit of the woods, who, by her magic touch, had stilled the throbbing agony, which had been the last sensation she was conscious of feeling. But she well knew that the reputation which the Indians bore for skill in herbs, was held in high reverence by the negroes, and doubted not that she now owed her life to the exercise of it. In a voice, feeble from recent suffering, she attempted to express her thanks; but her dark-eyed nurse pressed her finger on her lips, and with a smile of delighted success, said in broken English, but of

most gentle accent, "Lady, no speak." She then tendered her a draught already prepared, and making a sign to the obedient negroes to leave the room, she closed the curtains around the bed, and placed herself beside it in silent watchfulness. The sure drug did not disappoint her; a long and quiet sleep was its effect; and in a few hours Mrs. Hastings awoke, with no other ill effect from the bite—though a most venomous one—than a trifling degree of stiffness in the arm. It was impossible to receive so important a service without wishing to reward the author of it; and of all people living, Mrs. Hastings was the least likely to be deficient in such a wish. Her first feeling was the desire to heap favors upon the pretty Yarro, beyond the possibility of her hope or expectation. It was much more easy to do this with a being whose wishes were so humble, and whose knowledge was so limited, than to satisfy the enthusiastic gratitude of her own heart. Yarro was just sixteen, and being an Indian, and the belle of her tribe, may reasonably be supposed to have been fond of finery. She had a darling brother, too, the prince of hunters, the scourge of panthers, and the glory of his race. But Yarro had received more articles of dress than her wigwam could hold; and her brother, Hawkes-eye, more rifles and ammunition than he could stow away; yet still Mrs. Hastings thought she had done nothing for them. There are some warm hearts, in whom the act of bestowing creates more affection than of receiving favors. Our English exile was decidedly one of these. She had felt deeply grateful to the young Indian when she recovered from her accident; but, after she had petted and loaded her with presents for a week or two, she became so fond of her, that she was never contented in her absence. This arose partly from her own generous and loving nature, and partly from the manifold attractions and amiable qualities of her young favorite. When, in addition to these causes of attachment, it is remembered that Mrs. Hastings was in a state of the most desolate solitude, it will hardly appear surprising, that she should resolve to adopt and educate the pretty Yarro. But here she encountered a difficulty which she did not expect. Hawkes-eye and Yarro had neither father nor mother—they were all in all to each other; and when she proposed to take the young girl into her family, and treat her as her child, she was answered by two words only, "Hawkes-eye die!" When the young man was consulted, he steadily refused to give any opinion, and only repeated, from time to time, in an accent of perfect tranquility, "Yarro, choose!" Too affectionate in her own nature to be displeased by the same temper in others, Mrs. Hastings abandoned her project, and contented herself, as well as she might, with a daily visit from her forest friend. Just at this time a circumstance occurred, which not only made a change in the destiny of Yarro, but in that of the whole nation to which she belonged. Mr. Mansel, the attorney who was commissioned by the government to purchase from the Indians the fine tract of country which had been reserved to them in the neighborhood of Canandaigua, had encoun-

tered many difficulties in the progress of his undertaking. The tribe he had to deal with were strongly attached to their lands; and he talked to them in vain of the hunters' paradise, which the loving kindness of their great father, the President, had prepared for them on the other side of the great river. Again and again, he assembled their chiefs in council, they listened, with the most impenetrable gravity, to the long harangues which Mr. Mansel uttered, and which the accomplished Pawtawako faithfully interpreted; but still they only answered, "No."

Mr. Mansel, however, was not a man to submit quietly to seeing the government contradicted by a few hundreds of red Indians. If they would not be persuaded in one way, they must another; the dignity of his country required it, and, moreover, he was to be paid handsomely for the job. At the next meeting in the senate grove of lofty beech trees, under whose shade all national measures were discussed, Mr. Mansel, after expressing his regret at the failure of a negotiation so greatly for their advantage, informed them that he was now come to take his leave, previous to his departure for Washington, whither he was going for the purpose of informing their great father that they had thought proper to refuse his offers. He held out the hand of peace to the chieftains, and waved a courteous adieu to the young men who stood outside the circle of the elders. In return, he received their simple, but sincere "Farewell!" He turned to go, and having loosened his horse from the tree to which he had fastened it, he asked two of the most distinguished among them to accompany him to the red tavern, to drink together a cup of peace and good-will, before he set off. To refuse this would have been uncourteous, and, truth to say, unnatural, in an Indian.—Two horses were immediately prepared for them, and they set off with the friendly white man. Though Mr. Mansel did not speak their language with sufficient fluency to use it for an harangue uttered within the shade of the Senate Grove, yet he was sufficiently acquainted with its quaint and simple idiom, to enable him to converse freely with his companions. He did so in a manner the most satisfactory. He spoke of the fame of their fathers, many of whom he mentioned by name; of their skill in the chase; their fleetness in the course: and as he did it, he looked at the gentle expression of their dark faces, marked the simple and innocent triumph that beamed from their deep-set eyes, listened to the kind feelings of their grateful hearts, and then laughed inwardly to think that such a race should strive to cope with him.

The Indians are said to be cruel in war; and their ferocity is the more conspicuous, because it is exercised in a way unknown in European warfare. It might, perhaps, be difficult to show that war, under any system, did not expose those concerned in it to the same charge. That increasing civilization introduces many courtesies which, when the field is over, calm the terrors of conquest, is most certain; but were this graceful gilding removed, (which Heaven forbid!) the European sol-

dier would not be much less terrible than the Indian. In peace, no beings acting from the unchecked impulses of nature can show more amiable propensities; and were they suffered to remain on earth till the slow, but steadily advancing march of Christianity reached them, they might be added to the fellowship of the nations, giving another proof of the power and the blessings of its influence. But this is not to be. They are driven from their forest kingdoms, like the beasts that perish—not like men who wear the image of their Maker—and this too by a race who do not, even in fable, pretend to trace their origin from “the great spirit.” Another fault attributed to the poor Indians is their proneness to intoxication. It is hardly fair that this should be urged against them by those who not only offer the cup, but do it with a hand that trembles from the use of it. Most true it is, that intoxication and the art of blasphemous swearing, is all of education that the red Indians have gained by the proximity of white men.

Before the party reached the red tavern, Mr. Mansel had succeeded in opening completely the easy hearts of his companions, and they followed him into it, with all the fearless confidence of brothers. Rum, whisky, and tobacco, soon united to entrance their faculties; Mansel continued his cajoleries, and the poor Indians listened to him, till they could hear no more. Soon after the debauch had reached this point, the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the figure of a young Indian, with his hatchet slung across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand, appeared at it. Hatred and suspicion glared from his dark eye, as he fixed on the startled Mansel. A table stood before him, where, amidst the bottles, pipes, and glasses, he perceived paper, and the implements of writing. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon him.—“What you do with this?” he said, taking up the pen, which, still wet with ink, lay upon the table, “I have been writing a letter to my wife, that she may not expect me home to-night,” replied the lawyer. “Take some rum: Hawkes-eye, your uncle there, lies fast asleep, you see; but he’ll be none the worse when he wakes up, I expect: come, take some rum.” Hawkes-eye stood silently holding the pen in his hand; the fierce expression of his countenance sunk into a look of the profoundest melancholy. He looked from the pen to his uncle, and then back again to the pen; he took no notice of Mansel, or his offered cup; he spoke not a word, but with the air of a man conquered, and heart-broken, he turned, and left the room.

Mrs. Hastings had just entered her breakfast parlour, and was looking from the window in hopes of seeing her young favorite approach, to share, as she had often done, her morning meal, when she perceived—not the light figure she was looking for, but the tall and stately form of Hawkes-eye. Another glance showed that Yarro followed him, and the next moment they entered the portico together. Yarro looked pale and agitated; but her brother’s brow betrayed no passion whatever. “Lady!” he said, “do you love Yarro still?” “Indeed I do, Hawkes-eye: I love

her better every day.” “And will you take her for your child?” “Gladly! if you will let me have her.” Yarro stood behind him, but said not a word. He turned and took her hand. “Take her, good lady—love her.”

The muscles of the firm savage trembled.—He turned to go. Then Yarro waked from the trance which seemed to have fallen on her, and laying her head on his bosom, she uttered, in her native tongue, some hurried words, whose meaning seemed almost to choke her. Hawkes-eye saw the wandering look of Mrs. Hastings, and, difficult as it was to him, answered his sister in English. “We must go, Yarro: they have sold the land.—Hawkes-eye not see Yarro’s feet torn in the long way. Good lady loves you. The father’s bones lie near. Yarro weep by them.” “What does this mean?” said Mrs. Hastings; “are your people going, Hawkes-eye?” “With to-morrow’s sun, or the great father of Washington will hunt them.” A livid paleness spread over his face, but it was from passion, not weakness. “Lady! you not the child of that great father; love Yarro! I go with my people; but in six moons come back to see poor Yarro.” So saying, and as if fearing longer parley with the weeping girl, he left them. From Yarro, who was beginning to speak English with facility, Mrs. Hastings soon learnt the meaning of this scene. Mansel had contrived to get the mark of the two chieftains affixed to the deed of sale, before *creditable witnesses*; nothing more was necessary to legalize the expulsion of the tribe by violence; and should they refuse to go, they would speedily, as Hawkes-eye expressed it, be hunted from their grounds. The manner in which this signature had been obtained, being neither new, nor even uncommon, the young Indian had interpreted the scene at the tavern without difficulty.

Before daylight the next morning the chiefs returned to their village, and were soon followed by official information of the deed they had done. It was impossible for an honest heart not to mourn over such a transaction, but the success of her darling scheme soon drew Mrs. Hastings’ thoughts from every thing but the happiness of having obtained the object of her wishes; nor was it impossible that the young Yarro should not soon find consolation amidst the many new pleasures that surrounded her. Great, indeed, was the change in her destiny. Every day some new acquirement drew her nearer to her patroness, and from the untaught wildness of her forest home. With what eagerness did she enter upon her new, strange, but most delighted studies. She began learning to read, to write, to sew; but what was far beyond all else, as to the progress she made, and the delight she received from it, was the study of music. Of all Mrs. Hastings’ numerous young-lady-like acquirements, music was the only one which she had not abandoned; and to teach the docile Yarro how to modulate her sweet and powerful voice, now become almost her only occupation.

It was about two months after Yarro had taken up her residence with Mrs. Hastings, that Colonel Weyland, her youngest brother,

and the only one of her family who had taken any notice of her since her marriage, arrived with his regiment in America. At the conclusion of the peace which soon followed, he obtained leave of absence, and set off from New Orleans to visit his widowed sister on the Canandaigua lake. He arrived at her remote but beautiful residence on the evening of a sultry day, and meeting a negro servant at the gate which opened upon the lawn, he dismounted, and commending his weary horse to his care, directed his steps to the open windows of an apartment through which a stream of light issued. The sound of a rich and most sweet female voice singing, caused him to pause for a few moments in the portico before he entered. His sister sung, and sung well, but that voice was not hers. He drew near to the open window, and, sheltered by the profuse foliage of a magnolia, ventured to reconnoitre the apartment, in the hope of seeing the female whose voice had so enchanted him. Immediately opposite the window was his sister, seated at the piano-forte, with her fingers on the keys, as if in the act of playing—but no sound proceeded from the instrument.—She was looking up in the face of Yarro, who stood beside her, pouring forth such a volume of delicious sound, as appeared either to defy her attempt at accompaniment, or so completely to engross her attention as to rob her of the power of continuing it. And the person of her who sung—how did it strike him? Perfectly unlike any form of beauty with which the young officer was familiar, yet, as he fancied, lovelier far than all others, she stood before him more like the creation of a dream, than an object seen in the sober reality of day.

Mrs. Hastings, who had not yet lost the fanciful romance of her character, delighted to dress her favorite, so as best to set off her uncommon beauty, and at the same time, by the whimsical style of the costume, to give her that foreign air, which, by showing she was not of the same race as her fair countrywomen, should prevent any comparisons being drawn to the disadvantage of her olive skin. Many an idle hour had she amused in planning and making the dresses of Yarro, and many more in admiring her young and graceful figure, after she had adorned it according to her fancy.

Some minutes elapsed before Colonel Weyland could break the spell that held him. At length the song ceased; Mrs. Hastings exclaimed, with the energy of real pleasure, “delightful,” and her brother entered, repeating, with equal sincerity, “delightful, indeed!” “Dearest Harriet,” he continued, “it is indeed a pleasure to me to see you once again, and still more to see you looking so well, and engaged so pleasantly.”

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

There may be a friendship existing between persons of different sexes; yet a woman always looks upon a man as a man; and so will a man look upon a woman as a woman. This engagement is neither passion nor pure friendship: it is of another kind.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Written for the Literary Cabinet.

ON THE UTILITY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

BY S. C. HILL.

It cannot be deemed indelicate to satisfy the public, that literary and scientific periodical publications generally are both useful and cheap vehicles of information, and ought to receive a more liberal patronage, than it is their good fortune in many instances to enjoy.

The advantages derived from such publications, are an acquisition which former philosophers were not possessed of; and it was not until the last century they were first instituted. The rapid progress of science and information since that period, would be a sufficient argument in favor of their decided utility, without any reference to systematic treatises published, of undoubted merit, and sanctioned by universal approbation.

It has been remarked in regard to periodicals of this kind, that so great is their influence, and so visible their effects in a family, that a visitor need only to converse with the children upon any general subject, to ascertain whether such sheets find regular admittance there or not, so striking will be the difference on the score of intelligence between those who have and those who have not access to this simple and economical vehicle of useful knowledge.

To the active and ingenious mind in early life, this mode of information is invaluable. Besides furnishing new ideas to the young student, they point out the precise state of the different branches of human knowledge; they teach him the necessary caution for conducting experiments with vigor and accuracy, instead of drawing conclusions from a few insulated analyses, or imagining that his data are sufficiently perfect for establishing new systems. By reading these publications it is that he will enlarge his general conceptions, and learn to emulate the various illustrious characters of all the enlightened countries of the world. In these treatises, his views will not be confined to one object, but he will contemplate a scene continually varying. The physiology and phenomena of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the actions and reactions of the different elementary substances in nature, and their combinations with each other, will pass in succession under observation.

The great physical laws which constitute and maintain the equilibrium of the world, are inserted in respectable works of this nature, as they are discovered and demonstrated, while the errors of former philosophers are detected and exposed; by which means he has an opportunity of ascertaining the value of those works he may be already in possession of.

Such a source of information is a kind of prospective, within the range of which every interesting object in the animal or vegetable kingdom is brought—it brings within the vision, collected in one group, the whole variety of animated nature. Human life passes before us—and to brighten the dark picture of reality, Romance blends with its softer hues, and Poetry sprinkles on its borders her delicate sunbeams, while Religion and Morality gracefully adorn by permeating the whole.

To those who consult an Encyclopædia for scientific matters, these publications are of indispensable utility, by continually pointing out the numerous improvements as they become public, and by that means, the general system of philosophical knowledge is kept on a level with the existing state of discovery.

To the mechanic, a repository of this kind must be highly useful, as the receptacle in which he may record his labors and improvements, and secure to himself the well-earned fame of his discoveries, at the same time that he derives advantage from others following his example in their contributions to the general fund of science.

Some of these periodicals cost less than four cents a number, the matter in which, if printed in duodecimo form, and on a common sized type, make fifty pages, and be cheap at twenty five cents. So great is the difference in price, between periodicals and books.

These things are not generally known and appreciated; such publications are now common, therefore undervalued—they are too cheap, therefore their price is complained of by their patrons, and very frequently it happens that they are poorly conducted, because poorly patronized.

In short, there is no class of individuals but may profit by this method of extending useful knowledge. The small sum of three or four cents a week, to any economical person is trifling, and there is no doubt but every enquirer will find something of which he may abridge himself, in order to become possessed of such an assemblage of facts and opinions. He is, as it were, making himself intimate with a class of men whose names will be read with admiration by a grateful posterity. It is only by familiarizing the mind with the sublime objects of science, and diffusing them over the face of the earth, that we can expect to establish that spirit of philanthropy and social order, which is so necessary to the happiness of the human race.

Written for the Literary Cabinet.

RIGHTS OF FEMALES.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last No. of your paper, I noticed under the editorial head, some remarks upon the impropriety of withholding the right of suffrage from the female portion of the community. And I must confess, that I was no less surprised than gratified, to find you engaged in the advocacy of principles, which, in the present age, may be called truly heterodox.

I presume that some will consider that any remarks from me on this subject are entirely gratuitous—I being one of those for whom—as you have it—he, who calls himself our lord, has undertaken to act. Be this as it may, my voice shall be heard; inasmuch, as I know that he who will deny me the exercise of one of these rights, will also deny me the other,—whereas, I claim the free exercise of both.

You may, perhaps, Mr. Editor, think this too bold a declaration, for one of that sex to make, whose characteristic trait is modesty. It may be so. But I rest my vindication on the ground, that, on matters of importance true candor and freedom of expression are necessary, and that an independent spirit, in all matters, is as becoming in a female as in one of the other sex—as becoming in the sisters, and daughters, and mothers of freemen, as in freemen themselves.

In discoursing on the subject of the right of suffrage, I have frequently heard many weak and frivolous arguments against the propriety of allowing this privilege. Indeed, I consider all the arguments I ever heard against it, to be weak—very weak. The strongest appear to be these:—That there is no necessity for extending to us the privilege, as we generally have male representatives, who can act for us: and, that it would be an outrage upon common decency and refinement, and a violation of the usages and customs, both of ancient and modern times, for us—females!—to take our station at the polls, and give our votes for our favorite candidates—as MEN do!

These reasons, though, at first view, might be considered somewhat plausible, yet, upon reflection, will be found extremely sophistical and absurd. The first is, in effect, the very same that a tyrant would make use of in vindication of his tyranny;—as it could not be necessary—he would say—for his subjects to have a voice in matters of state, as he was a proper and suitable representative. The same argument can be used, and applied with equal force, by the Southern nabob, in justification of holding the African in bondage. In fact, it is with but little variation, that the same argument has been used in all countries and in all ages of the world, by those who have aimed at the possession of power, and who have been ambitious to live in sovereign splendor at the expense of their fellow men.

With respect to the second argument, it may be remarked, that if custom is to be the arbiter of laws and manners, then, all we will contend for, will be to make it customary for us to enjoy our privileges, and our object is accomplished.

I know that custom does much in regulating the concerns of this life; and that in many cases, it would be in a manner useless to contend against it. But is it inconsistent with refinement and civilization, for both sexes to appear together, in large companies or small ones, to perform the worship of God? Or is it wrong for them to appear together on other public occasions—in the theatre or the ball-room? Yet these things are countenanced almost every where, and by almost every people;—and why? Because they are customary. Because they have been established by the common consent of civilized society, and have received the sanction of the great and the good for a long series of ages.

I was much gratified to learn that our rights are likely to become the subject of legislation in G. Britain. When we divest ourselves of those prejudices against the mother country, which we have inherited from our forefathers, we cannot but acknowledge, that, with the exception of our own there is no country in the world, where the true principle of liberty—the spirit of universal freedom—is more generally felt and acknowledged. But, even in this boasted age of civilization and refinement—this age, noted as the age of improvement and the march of mind, where is the land—where is the country, in which we are permitted our rights—those same rights, for which—to use a much hackneyed expression—our forefathers fought and bled?*

MARY ANN.

*NOTE.—It is a fact not generally known, that by the Constitution of the State of New Jersey, females possessing the requisite qualifications, are allowed the right of voting at elections.—ED.

Written for the Literary Cabinet.

WANT OF RESPECT TO TUTORS.

MR. EDITOR:—I herewith send you a happy translation of a certain passage of the *Bacchides* of Plautus, by the learned Mr. Gifford. It is so appropriate to the present time—so descriptive of the disrespect to tutors, which so eminently characterizes the present age, that it would gratify your friend, to see it inserted in your paper.

Yours, &c. ALFRED.

Time was, a tutor was obeyed, and feared,
'Till youth grew fit for office: now, alas!
Let him but chide a child of seven years old,
And the brat flings the tablets at his head—
You hasten to his father and complain:
And what redress? alas! old Bumbrusher:
You see my boy here can defend himself,
So touch him at your peril. Thus aveng'd
You hang your ears in silence, and sneak home
With your cracked pate beplastered,
Like an old paper lantern!

Choice Extracts.

W O M A N.

The Countess of Blessington, in her Conversations with Lord Byron, has the following remarks:—

"How few men understand the feelings of woman! Sensitive and easily wounded, as we are obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure, put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel, that, though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman can only understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it, and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and while we nurse the grief 'that lies too deep for tears,' and consumes alike health and peace, a man may with impunity, express all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet sympathy—while his leisure hours are cheered, the latter too often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Sir Jas. Mackintosh had only proceeded half way through the third volume of the History of England, when his progress was arrested by death. In that part, however, is included the narrative of the most interesting events connected with the eventful life of Mary, Queen of Scots—the most beautiful and most unfortunate of female sovereigns. Every one is aware of the historic

doubts which pervade this portion of the British history, and of the voluminous controversies to which these doubts have given rise. The fame of the Scottish queen appears in a less favorable light, the farther we advance in the examination of these discussions. Dr. Lingard endeavored to vindicate her conduct as far as it was possible to do so; but we think that the perusal of his arguments is more likely to exhibit the difficulty of the task he had undertaken, than to show that he had been successful in its execution.

The questions of Mary's participation in the murder of Darnley, and her collision with Boswell in the stimulated seizure of her person, are considered dispassionately, in the volume to which we allude; and Sir James has yielded to the force of the criminating evidence which seems to establish the guilt of the queen. He concurs with Hume in the judgment that the celebrated love sonnets and letters contained in the intercepted casket are undoubtedly genuine.

The history of the Queen of Scots is one of the saddest in the annals of human events. There is a romantic charm connected with her name, which is nurtured by every sentiment of pity and generosity. The lengthened train of suffering and disaster which attended her residence in Britain, and the bloody termination of her life upon an English scaffold,—have interested all hearts in her favor. We shut our eyes to the misdeeds of her Scottish government; we execrate with bitterness the conduct of her turbulent nobles, and the un pitying sternness of the rival queen who doomed her to the block. Such is the all pervading influence of beauty, wit, and regal station.

But the voice of history must proclaim the truth. Hume and Mackintosh, equally with Sir Walter Scott, were probably influenced by a mournful admiration of the Scottish queen; but to the former was allotted the more peculiar province of history; whilst the latter was privileged to indulge his sympathies in the romance of "The Abbot."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

BY T. FISK.

"Darken your doctrine," said Alexander—restrict the freedom of the press, say modern despots. The liberty of the press in this country is not openly infringed; an impetuous upon the press would rouse the people to rebellion—this they well know; for that reason, to avoid creating alarm, they must resort to other means of circumscribing its freedom. The most successful mode of destroying an engine of liberty, is to leave the form untouched, and gradually annihilate the essence. This insidious worm eats the kernel, while the husk continues fair to the eye. The gardener would destroy the reptile if it commenced an external attack—but while it corrodes the unseen fruit, and spares the outside, its work of destruction is effected in safety.

Think what was the situation of the world when the light of printing first dawned.—Darkness that might be felt—midnight that

seemed congealed to subsist, covered the human mind, and spread upon all its faculties a night mare of sleep; a torpid lethargy like that of death. The art has compelled old prejudices to give way, and old superstitions to become a mockery and a by-word. It is this that has visited kingdoms built on blood and guilt—it is this that has stemmed the torrent of folly and sin. It has in its mighty journey, upturned principalities and powers, and unsealed the fountains of knowledge. Nations are now basking in unshackled sunlight, that once were groping in darkness, where the pall of superstition shed its baneful shadow. It has visited the caverns of the inquisition, and the bolts were withdrawn, and their gates unhinged. It has passed through climes of pollution, where crime was inherited as a birthright, and the lamps of science and virtue beam upon their altar-stones. Wherever it is untrammelled, the fetters of tyranny are in rust, the bands of slavery are moth-eaten. It has touched the pillars of despotism, and they have crumbled to ashes; the arm of earth's mightiest, and it has become palsied and powerless.

Before the invention of the art of printing, it was only now and then that the human mind rose from the stagnant pool of servile degradation—the mud in which intelligence was laid down in darkness. What was it when tyranny came with its yellow torch and flaming brand, to cover our dwellings with slaughter and flame, that roused the country like a watch-word? Who rehearsed the story of our wrongs by every hearth-stone—By what medium were the scattered band of fearless men made acquainted with that kind of knowledge dearer than a thousand lives? What guarded their bark when storms and tempests were abroad that seemed to rock to the foundation? It was the FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Wife.

How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down by the labours of the day; her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much higher do they seem, when after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labours upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden and a sorrow to man. No; she shares his burdens and she alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labours and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man.
Will not insult me—and no other can."

He who is ignorant of reading and writing is indeed very poor.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

"The Book of Nature is open before thee—Read; contemplate; and be instructed."

MOUNT HECLA, IN ICELAND.

Still pressing on beneath Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland to the Pole itself,
Where falling gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And hov'ring o'er the wide stupendous scene,
Beholds new scenes beneath another sky.
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempests is forever heard;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his
snows.

On proceeding along the southern coast of Iceland, and at an inconsiderable distance from Skaalholt, this mountain, with its three summits, presents itself to the view. Its height is five thousand feet, or nearly a mile above the level of the sea. It is not a promontory, but lies about four miles inland. It is neither so elevated nor so picturesque as several of the surrounding Icelandic mountains; but has been more noticed than many other volcanoes of an equal extent, partly through the frequency of its eruptions, and partly from its situation, which exposes it to the view of many ships sailing to Greenland and North America. The surrounding territory has been so devastated by these eruptions, that it has been deserted.

Vast regions dreary, bleak, and bare!
There on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the Moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his life a storm:
His frown the shiv'ring nations fly,
And, hid for half the year, in smoky caverns
lie.

The natives asserted that it was impossible to ascend the mountain, on account of the great number of dangerous bogs, which according to them, are constantly emitting sulphureous flames, and exhaling smoke; while the more elevated summit in the centre is covered with boiling springs and large craters which occasionally propel fire and smoke. To the south and west the environs present the most afflicting results of frequent eruptions, the finest part of the territory being covered with torrents of melted stone, sand, ashes and other volcanic matter, notwithstanding which, between the sinuosities of the lava in different parts, some portion of meadows, walls, and broken hedges may be observed. The devastation is still greater on the north and east sides, which present dreadful traces of the ruin of the country and its habitations. Neither plants nor grass are to be met with to the extent of two leagues round the mountain, in consequence of the soil being covered with stones and lava; and in some parts, where the subterraneous fire has broken out a second time, or where the

matter which was not entirely consumed has again become ignited, the fire has contributed to form small red and black hillocks and eminences, from scoræ, pumice-stones, and ashes. The nearer the mountain the larger are these hillocks, and there are some of them, the summits of which form a circular hollow, whence the subterraneous fire ejects the matter. On approaching Hecla the ground becomes almost impassable, particularly near the higher branches of lava thrown from the volcano. Round the latter is a mountain of lava, consisting of large fused stones, from forty to seventy feet high, and in the form of a rampart or wall. These stones are detached, & chiefly covered with moss; while between them are very deep holes, so that the ascent on the western side requires great circumspection. The rocks are completely reduced to pumice, dispersed in thin horizontal layers, and fractured in every direction, from which some idea may be formed of the intensity of the fire that has acted on them.

There Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,

Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make the land a prey:
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. James Lind, of Edinburg, and Dr. Van Troil, a Swede, were the earliest adventurous travellers who ascended to the summit of Mount Hecla. This was in 1772; and the attempt was facilitated by a preceding eruption in 1766, which had greatly diminished the steepness and difficulty of the ascent. On their first landing, they found a tract of land sixty or seventy miles in extent, entirely ruined by lava, which appeared to have been in a state of complete liquefaction. To accomplish their undertaking, they had to travel from three hundred to three hundred and sixty miles over uninterrupted tracts of lava. In ascending, they were obliged to quit their horses at the first opening from which the fire had burst:—a spot, which they describe as presenting lofty glazed walls and high glazed cliffs, differing from any thing they had ever seen before. At another opening above, they fancied they discerned the effects of boiling water; and not far from thence, the mountain, with the exception of some bare spots, was covered with snow. This difference of aspect they soon perceived to be occasioned by the hot vapor ascending from the mountain. The higher they proceeded, the larger these spots became; and, about two hundred yards below the summit, a hole about a yard and a half in diameter, was observed, whence issued so hot a stream, that they could not measure the degree of heat with a thermometer. The cold now began to be very intense. Fahrenheit's thermometer, which at the foot of the mountain was at 54, fell to 24; while the wind became so violent, that they were sometimes obliged to lie down, from the dread of being blown into the most dreadful precipices. On the summit itself they experienced at one and the same time, a high degree of heat and

cold; for, in the air, Fahrenheit's thermometer constantly stood at 24, but when placed on the ground, it rose to 153.

Messrs. Olafsen and Povelsen, two naturalists, whose travels in Iceland were undertaken by order of his Danish majesty, after a fatiguing journey up several small slopes, which occurred at intervals, and seven of which they had to pass, at length reached the summit of Mount Hecla at midnight. It was as light as at noon day, so that they had a view of an immense extent, but could perceive nothing but ice: neither fissures, streams of water, boiling springs, smoke, nor fire, were apparent. They surveyed the glaciers in the eastern part, and in the distance saw the high and square mountain of Hærdabreid, an ancient volcano, which appeared like a large castle.

Sir G. S. Mackenzie, in his recent travels in Iceland, ascended Mount Hecla; and from his account we extract the following interesting particulars. In proceeding to the southern extremity of the mountain, he descended, by a dangerous path, into a valley, having a small lake in one corner, and the opposite extremity bounded by a perpendicular face of rock, resembling, in its broken and rugged appearance, a stream of lava.—While advancing, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and the brilliant reflection of his beams, from different parts of the supposed lava, as if from a surface of glass, delighted our traveller by the instantaneous conviction that he had now attained one of the principal objects connected with the plan of his expedition to Iceland. He hastened to the spot, and all his wishes were fully accomplished in the examination of an object which greatly exceeded the expectations which he had formed. On ascending one of the abrupt pinnacles, which rose out of this extraordinary mass of rock, he beheld a region, the desolation of which can scarcely be paralleled. Fantastic groups of hills, craters, and lava, leading the eye to distant snow-crowned jockuls, (inferior mountains,) the mist rising from a waterfall; lakes, embosomed among bare, bleak mountains; an awful profound silence; lowering clouds; marks all around of the furious action of the most destructive of elements; all combined to impress the soul with sensations of dread and wonder. The longer himself and his companions contemplated this scene, the more unable they were to turn their eyes from it; and a considerable time elapsed before they could bring themselves to attend to the business which had tempted them to enter so frightful a district of the country.

Having proceeded a considerable distance along the edge of a stream of lava, a narrow part of which they crossed, they gained the foot of the south-end of Mount Hecla. While, in ascending, they had to pass over rugged lava, they experienced no great difficulty in advancing; but when they reached the steepest part of the mountain, which was covered with loose slags, they sometimes lost at one step by the yielding of these, a space which had been gained by several.

Having passed a number of fissures, by leaping across some, and stepping along masses of slangs which lay over others, they at length reached the summit of the first peak. The clouds now became so thick, that they began to despair of being able to proceed any further: it was, indeed, dangerous even to move; for the peak consists of a very narrow ridge of slangs, not more than two feet broad, having a precipice on each side, several hundred feet in depth. One of these precipices forms the side of a vast hollow, which seems to have been one of the craters. At length the sky cleared a little, and enabled them to discover a ridge below, which seemed to connect the peak they had ascended with the middle or principal one.—They lost no time in availing themselves of this opportunity, and by balancing themselves like rope-dancers, succeeded in passing along a ridge of slangs, so narrow that there was scarcely room for their feet. After a short, but very steep, ascent, they gained the highest part of this celebrated mountain.

Its earliest eruption is said to have happened in 1004, since which time upwards of twenty have occurred. That of 1693 was the most dreadful, and occasioned terrible devastations, the ashes having been thrown over the island in every direction, to the distance of more than one hundred miles. In 1728, a fire broke out among the surrounding lava; and also in that to the west of the volcano, in 1754, which lasted for three days. There has not been any eruption of lava since 1766; but for some years after flames issued from the volcano.—*Monthly Rep.*

LITERARY CABINET.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, MARCH 16, 1833.

SCHOOL SOCIETY OF B. C.

We are requested to state that a semi-annual meeting of the Belmont County School Society, will be held at the court house in St. Clairsville, on Saturday, the 6th of April next. A general attendance of the school teachers throughout the county, is earnestly requested.

LOST—Five or six Nos. of 'Waldie's Select Circulating Library.'—The person who borrowed them will confer a favor by returning them to this office without delay.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. H. is always acceptable.

The communication of 'Mary Ann' is inserted. Shall we hear from her again?

The pieces from F. T. W. cannot be admitted. It really does give us pain to reject a correspondent—but it must occasionally be done. We did intend on the first reading of one of these pieces to give it a place. But it is too carelessly written, and with too little attention to the true meaning of words—His phraseology also is bad.

EDUCATION.

FAMILY APPARATUS; or, Intellectual Toys, for the Amusement and Instruction of Children. By JOSIAH HOLBROOK.—Carter & Hendee, Boston, 1832.

This is the title of a little book of 16 pages, sent us by this indefatigable laborer in the cause of

Education. It is a description of a set of 'Intellectual Toys,' invented by him, and made and sold by Carter and Hendee, of Boston, and intended to be used in Schools and Families. It speaks for itself. We copy part of the first Chapter, or rather Introduction, which contains a general description of the Toys, and an elucidation of the principles upon which this system of instruction is founded.

FAMILY APPARATUS.

No mother needs to be informed, that children have active bodies, sprightly minds, and susceptible hearts—that they commence acting and learning with their existence—that they accumulate ideas with immense rapidity—that they learn the names, properties and uses, of very numerous objects around them during the first year of their lives—that during the second year, they are eager in the pursuit of objects to occupy their minds, and exercise their limbs—or that their character at the age of three or four, depends almost entirely on the objects, examples, and associations which surround them.

The great question is, what is the best selection of objects to bring in contact with children, on which they may exert and spend their strength of body, mind, and feeling? Employed they must and will be—they ought to be; the question is how? Every one will say, of course, that those associations and that employment are best for children, which are best calculated to give them a healthy body, a vigorous mind, and a pious heart.

It is under those views, that the family apparatus, or intellectual toys for children, have been selected. A portion of the articles will attract the attention, and interest the feelings of children of from twelve to eighteen months old, and from that to three years old. Other parts of the apparatus will furnish much pleasing and useful employment, to children of from four to six or eight years of age. When children of different ages are together, they amuse and instruct each other; especially may the older become efficient and profitable teachers to the younger.

The set of family apparatus, already prepared, consists of twenty blocks, or bricks as they are sometimes called, with the pictures and names of various animals and other common objects; two cards of geometrical diagrams, two of geometrical letters, six reading cards, two cards of maps, one of manuscript letters, and one with an arithmeticon, the nine digits, and some lines of measure; a set of separate and transferable letters, with a composing-stick, for children to use in forming words; a numeral frame, six inch rule, square, slate, and three inch globe, thirteen geometrical solids, and six geological specimens, with a box for containing the whole.

The bricks exercise, amuse, and instruct children almost without end, by piling, and learning the pictures and words upon them. By these simple instruments, they continually exercise and strengthen their limbs and minds, and at the same time learn the letters and words upon them, in the same way that they learn the names of the numerous objects around them.

By the cards of geometrical diagrams and letters, which they can imitate with the pencil, rule, square, and slate, they become familiar with the elementary principles of forms and shapes, which probably make the first impression upon the infant mind, and with the names and the peculiar forms of the letters of the alphabet. Forming the different lines, angles, diagrams and letters upon their slates, they at once exercise their hands, eyes, judgment, and taste, and of course find in them employment, amusement and instruction, and that from one week and one year to another.

The separate letters, with the composing stick, amuse and instruct children by forming words, learning at the same time by the aid of each other, or their parents, their names, with the sounds of the vowels and consonants.

By the reading cards, with such aid as children will find in almost every family, they can commence putting words together, and by them learn something that will interest and instruct them about several animals and other objects coming within their observation.

The globe and maps will accustom them early to the true shape and motion of the earth, with the names and relative situation of its great divisions and some of the principal islands, with the different States of our own country, which they are constantly hearing mentioned in various connections.

The arithmeticon and arithmeticon, will aid children in their first attempts at counting, and in combining numbers in numerous forms, by adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, and save parents the trouble and danger of furnishing young children with beads, corns, &c., for that purpose.

The ten parallelopipeds will not only give to children the elementary principles of mensuration, but they will afford some useful lessons to many adults, respecting the mode of getting the contents of wood, timber, walls, cisterns, bins, &c., and correct some mistakes which most persons have made respecting the contents of solids.

The six geological specimens will lead children to observe and examine the rocks and other objects which their Creator has scattered around them, to collect specimens, and to commence cabinets of Natural History, which by exchanges, and by the aid of schools, Lyceums, and seamen now co-operating in the same object, will increase the treasures of science and the wealth of nations.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Joseph Anderson, Mr. Jonathan McBride to Miss Mary Harrison.

Near York Springs, Pa. on the 31st ultimo, W. C. Wierman to Susan Maria Lundy, daughter of Benjamin Lundy, editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*.

DIED

On the 26th ultimo, Miss Maria Louisa Ellis, daughter of Ezer Ellis, Esq. of this place, in the 17th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Martha McCracken, consort of Dr. John McCracken, of this place.

Lately at Washington City, the Hon. James Lent, member of Congress from the State of New York.

POETRY.

The Ocean.

Likeness of Heaven!
 Agent of Power!
 Man is thy victim,
 Shipwrecks thy dower!
 Spices and jewels
 From valley and sea,
 Armies and banners
 Are buried in thee!
 What are the riches
 Of Mexico's mines,
 To the wealth that far down
 In the deep water shines?
 The proud navies that cover
 The conquering west—
 Thou fling'st them to death
 With one heave of thy breast!
 From the high hills that view
 Thy wreck-making shore,
 When the bride of the mariner
 Shrieks at thy roar;
 When, like lambs in the tempest,
 Or mews in the blast,
 O'er thy ridge-broken billows
 The canvass is cast.
 How humbling to one
 With a heart and a soul
 To look on thy greatness
 And list to its roll;
 To think how that heart
 In cold ashes shall be
 While the voice of eternity
 Rises from thee!
 Yes! where are the cities
 Of Thebes and of Tyre?
 Swept from the nations
 Like sparks from the fire;
 The glory of Athens,
 The splendor of Rome,
 Dissolved—and forever
 Like dew in thy foam.
 But thou art almighty—
 Eternal—sublime—
 Unweakened—unwasted—
 Twin brother of Time!
 Fleets tempests nor nations
 Thy glory can bow;
 As the stars first beheld thee,
 Still chainless art thou!
 But hold! when thy surges
 No longer shall roll,
 And that firmament's length
 Is down back like a scroll;
 Then—then shall the spirit
 That sighs by thee now,
 Be more mighty—more lasting,
 More chainless than thou!

From the Historian.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. L. ELLIS.

I saw a rare and opening flower,
 Its vernal charms display;
 It grew and flourished sweet and fair,
 Beneath life's sunny ray.

It seemed in beauty formed to bloom—
 To grace our dreary climes

But ah! the fell destroyer came,
 And plucked it ere its time.

But while the heart is chill with grief,
 Will memory sm le to dwell
 On virtues such as she possessed,
 Which few can e'er excel.

But one bright thought may yet console
 The parents' heart with sorrow riven,
 That her pure soul, too good for earth,
 Has winged its flight to Heaven.

EUSEBIA.

From the Rochester Gem.

FORGET ME NOT.

Convivial scenes, with comrades gay,
 May from memory fade away.
 The charms of spring, the blushing flower,
 The winding stream, the grove, the bower
 May be forgot;
 But never can the flame expire
 That's lighted up by friendship's fire—
 By all that friendship can inspire,
 Forget me not.

Forget me not when thou shalt roam
 In other lands, far, far from home;
 Think of the groves, where oft we've strayed,
 Think of this bower, enchanted shade—
 This hallowed spot;
 But shouldst thou e'er forget this bower,
 Where love has swayed his pleasing power,
 Shouldst thou forget this sacred hour,
 Forget me not.

When other eyes shall beam on thine,
 With love as fond, as pure as mine,
 Think not, though thou art far away,
 This faithful heart shall ever stray—
 It changes not.

When these eyes are sealed in their last long sleep,
 And the chill of death o'er this breast shall creep,
 And the storm-wind o'er my grave shall sweep,
 Forget me not! S.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The seven wonders of the world were lately exhibited at Washington City, in a new museum of natural curiosities.

- 1st. A widow at the age of 60 refused an offer of marriage.
- 2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.
- 3d. A contented old maid.
- 5th. A lawyer who refused to be feed.
- 5th. A moderate doctor's bill.
- 6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage
- 7th. A Congressman that wished to adjourn the session when there was money in the treasury.

TO NOVEL WRITERS.

Messrs. Alexander & Co. of Philadelphia, publishers of the Novelist's Magazine, offer a premium of Five hundred dollars to the author of the best novel, upon a national subject, which shall be presented on or before the first of October, 1833.

It is not unlikely that John Randolph, of Roanoke, will take the premium. He is, beyond dispute the most NOVEL writer on NATIONAL SUBJECTS, that the country can produce.—PIONEER.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 554 pounds and those of mastiffs, &c. far more.

LITERARY PREMIUM.

Desirous of making his paper every way worthy of the patronage of the public, and of awakening the slumbering genius of the West, the Editor of the Literary Cabinet offers a Premium of

Twenty-Five Dollars,

for the best Original Tale, suitable for publication in the Cabinet.

All articles intended for the prize, must be forwarded to the Editor on or before the fifteenth of May next, at which time they will be submitted, for examination, to a committee composed of the following named gentlemen:

JAMES WEIR, Esq.

MOSES COULTER,

HORTON J. HOWARD.

Each article should be accompanied with a separate and sealed envelope, containing the name of the author; which envelope will not be opened, unless accompanying the article to which the premium has been awarded.

The writer will be left perfectly at liberty to select his own subject, the editor not wishing to exercise any control in that respect, but he will take the liberty to suggest, that the subject matter be in some wise connected with the West, or that the scene be laid somewhere on this side of the Alleghenies.

Communications must be addressed, free of expense, to

THOMAS GREGG,

Editor of the Literary Cabinet,

St. Clairsville, Ohio.

Editors with whom we exchange, will confer a favor by copying the above.

Agents

FOR THE LITERARY CABINET.

OHIO.

Bridgeport	Dr. Henry West, P. M.
Belmont	Ezer Dillon, Jun.
Barnesville	Nicholas Judkins.
Cadiz	David Christy.
Cambridge	Nathan Evans, Esq.
Columbus	Smithson E. Wright.
Captina	William W. Waters.
East Liverpool	Sanford C. Hill.
Flushing	Samuel T. Sharp.
Farmington	George Cope, P. M.
Fairview	Edward D. Roseman.
Foulkestown	William Christy, P. M.
Farmington Centre	Charles L. West.
Granville	Sereno Wright, P. M.
Green P. O.	Samuel Paull.
Harrisville	Samuel Lewis, P. M.
Hanover	Dr. Abel Carey.
Leatherwood	William Smith.
Little Beaver Bridge	Thomas Moore, P. M.
Morristown	Dr. Robert Hamilton.
Mount Pleasant	Vickers Milhouse
Millersburgh	George Knight.
Middletown	James Nichols.
New Lisbon	Joshua Hanna.
New Alexandria	Wesley Scott.
Painesville	Jacob D. Truax.
Richmond	Dr. Eli M. Pyle.
Salem	Dr. E. Williams.
Staubenville	Joseph Cable.
Somerton	Geo. Davenport, P. M.
Washington	Dr. William Wright.
Woodsfield	Dr. Josiah M. Dillon.
Wellsville	J. M. Chaderick.

VI. INIA.

Fairview, Brooke co.	H. Moore, P. M.
Wheeling	Augustus D. Carroll.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Briceland's Roads	William L. Robb.
Uniontown	Alonzo L. Little.

TERMS.—One Dollar per ann. payable in advance—One Dollar and Twenty-five cents at the end of the year.

All communications must be addressed, post paid, to the editor, THOMAS GREGG.